Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeve me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a ſeale Ring of my grand-fathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: and, my Lord, he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for woman-hood Mayd marian may bee the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knave, to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, *Hoſteſſe*, and he ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſ. A thouſand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy love is worth a Million: thou oweſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and ſayd he would cudgell you.

Fal. Did, I *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was Copper.

Pri. I ſay tis copper: dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hall*? thou knowſt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to be feared as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke i'le feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, & I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But ſirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine; it is all fild up with Guts, and Midriffes. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeſon impudent Imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but taverne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houſes, and one poore penyworth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villaine, and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? Thou knowſt, in the ſtate of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* doe in the dayes of villany? thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty: you confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. *Hoſteſſe*, I forgive thee: goe make ready breakefaſt, love thy Husband, looke to thy Servants, cheriſh thy Gheſts, thou ſhalt finde me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gon. *Exit Hoſteſſe.* Now *Hall*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lad, how is that anſwered?